

DUI by damn-aesthetic

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-16 18:37:53

Updated: 2017-12-16 18:37:53

Packaged: 2019-12-17 03:08:48

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,077

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: somber thoughts lead to destructive behavior. (mileven)

DUI

Wind howls in the midst of the night; light posts whirring with little conviction. Trees absentmindedly sway from their roots - mocking the cold winds. Lights are off in the buildings close by, no one brave enough to stray from the morning lights: thus letting them be comfortable enough to roam about. The only lights on where street posts and the lone bar in Hawkins - empty besides the bartender muling in their own sadness and lack of energy.

Most nights are like this. For ten years the town of Hawkins has been a place of silent brewing. The events that took place at the Hawkins lab were released to the public but at disclosure of the Police department. It was a relief that there wasn't more corruption forming in Hawkins, but the damage was still done.

For starters, Eleven had sacrificed herself to save the Dungeons & Dragons group - this extending to potentially Hawkins and bigger masses of life. The AV club was able to (through much shock and drained minds) go back to their respective homes. Able to recover from that of the Demogorgon. But Will Byers was traumatized. He couldn't go outside by himself for extending periods of time without fear of being taken back by the Demogorgon. Joyce Byers wouldn't let Will go anywhere without knowing his location, or let him leave Hawkins for the fact that he wouldn't be in safe enough premise. Over the years, Will gained more independence from his home thanks to counseling and relief finally settling in with the Byers.

Dustin and Lucas were okay enough - some anxiety was stirred, but not permanent. Lucas often felt guilty for being negative towards Eleven, and Dustin for not appreciating her as much as he could have. Besides that, they were able to function and progressively become much more social and successful over the years. They both attended university in Indiana and studied engineering.

Micheal Wheeler was another scenario, though. After the events in 1983, Mike was in worse shape than Will. With Eleven disappearing after saving Mike, he couldn't accept himself and so he blamed himself for her death. Instead of going to University with Dustin and Lucas, he stayed in Hawkins and sulked. Hell, after 1983, Mike stopped going to D&D nights

and stopped the game altogether. He tried hanging out the AV club members but eventually stopped hanging out with them in general. Later on, once they had started high school, he had already quit the AV club and changed his whole demeanor. What was once the nerdy, tall, and lanky Mike turned into a lone character who wore black and was taller and skinnier than before. When the others tried to call Mike to ask what was wrong or why he wasn't talking to them anymore, all he would reply with was "My name's Micheal."

Mike, for the whole following year, for 351 days, he tried to call Eleven on his walkie-talkie in hopes she'd still be alive. That maybe she didn't die when she saved him, but instead was hiding from something, or maybe she was nearby but couldn't reach out for help.

Throughout high school, the AV club continued to grow closer to one another, while Micheal Wheeler went farther down the whole than he ever had. By graduation year, he was one with the Popular Crowd. While Dustin, Lucas, and Will were focusing on school and science fairs, Mike was quickly raising his alcohol tolerance. He was constantly going to parties and getting shit faced. The AV boys dated and found relationships all through high school and college. This was the one area that Mike never dabbled in. For as many parties Mike attended, and as many girls would hit on him he never once showed any interest - instead, becoming irked and leaving whatever he was doing.

So when Mike found himself with the opportunity of a university, Mike didn't go. He stayed in Hawkins; but not for long. Three months later, Mike (after a rough night of extensive beer pong) packed all of his belonging and flew out to California to escape the hell which was his home. He still couldn't forget about the girl he fell in love with first; her curious gaze, her fair skin, or her timid smile. At the same time, though, he didn't really expect to. He wasn't sure if he even really wanted to forget, either.

What he didn't expect nor want was to later find himself getting pulled over by Chief Hopper in the town of Hawkins.

Driving through the main street of Hawkins, Indiana was an old, yet familiar rush for now 22-year-old Micheal Wheeler. He had returned due to the excessive begging of his Mother and sister, Nancy to attend Christmas with the rest of the Wheeler's due to missing

holidays with them since his Senior year of high school. They weren't expecting him until the following week, but he figured he might well go as soon as he could - hence as soon as the population started to blare Christmas music in the malls and start the deal, he decided to pack his car full of his clothes and belongings; deciding to shack up with his parents as long as he needed until he was able to afford a new place time. He'd grown tired of the blaring sun and decided he wanted to go somewhere colder. *New York, Maine, somewhere different.*

Mike also looked much different than high school. He was somehow even taller before; chillingly somehow skinnier, too. His hair was shaggy and it's usually straight demeanor changed to wild curls. His cheekbones had hollowed out. He was practically the real-life Edward Scissorhands. He was dressed in loose sweats - a sad attempt to hide his thin frame and lack of mass.

As he was nearing one in the morning, he saw the glimmer of the bar. Deciding to grab a beer to loosen up from his long journey from the West, he pulled up to the curb; half attempting remembering to shut the car's door behind him. Upon entering the bar, he was met with two simple things. One is that he was the only one who seemed to be alive due to the lack of activity. The second thing is that the bartender looked a hell of damn familiar.

Walking up the counter, Mike was met with the tired face of Steve Harrington. With a faint smirk, Mike shook his head in silent laughter and sat at the counter. As Steve raised his eyes to finally address his only customer, he jolted slightly in surprise and let out a gasp-like noise.

"Micheal? Are you telling me Micheal Wheeler just walked into my bar after God knows how many years since you just left? And you're skinnier than before too? Damn, Wheeler. Only you could manage that too, huh?" Steve ushered as he leaned over the counter and embraced Mike.

During Mike's more 'adventurous' times and moments, he had grown close to Nancy's ex-boyfriend Steve Harrington and a newer male figure introduced to Hawkins by the name of Billy Hargrove. Besides the bickering and ego-based fights between Billy and Steve, the three

proceeded to become Hawkin's most notorious for trouble and the party scene. Whether it was graduation parties, or getting arrested for fights at the cinema over pride, they were the most talked about through Mike's grade. Even with his new friends, though, Mike was still troubled. Once he decided to leave Hawkins, he didn't tell anyone he was leaving; no exception for he newfound male companions.

Letting out a chuckle, Mike hugged Harrington back. *"Yeah, I did I guess."*

Pulling back to look into his old friend's eyes, Mike looked back towards the bar's counter and nodded towards one of the beer kegs. *"Pour a glass for your old pal?"*

Looking back to where Mike was looking, Steve understood what Mike was implying, he shook his head as he moved over towards the keg with a somewhat distressed laugh.

"You haven't changed a bit since your youth, huh?" Steve said as he handed Mike the brew.

Throwing it back, Mike placed the now empty glass on the counter and looked Steve in the eye with the same look he's projected since his Freshmen year. *"Of course I've changed, Stevey Boy. There aren't many different ways to be addicted to alcohol though, is there?" Mike barked with a huff.*

Steve huffed back and looked at Mike until he met his eyes.

"Micheal, why did you leave Hawkins four years ago?"

Looking at Steve with an unknown emotion, Mike moved his eyes to look at his empty glass and starred for a moment. Sighing in exasperation, he pushed the glass back to Steve and nodded to him. *"For the same reason, we even know each other, Harrington. For the same reason, I hung out with Hargrove. For all the same reason I did anything in Hawkins. Because I couldn't stand this place, Steve. When I look around, all I saw was how alone I am. Yeah, I've got my buds and my family, but it's still not right, man. Even now, I feel out of place. Like I'm not in my body".*

Like she's still here. Like I should still be looking for her.

Steve shook his head once again and went back to cleaning the glass he was cleaning before Mike had come inside. Refilling Mike's glass, Steve went back to cleaning the bar here and there - this continuing for several rounds of beers and small talk for the two men to catch up with one another.

After an hour more of this, Mike gave Steve his new phone number and promised him that 'they'd hang out soon' and promising he was fine to drive due to his 'iron stomach', Mike stumbled to his car with no eyes to witness. Throwing himself ungracefully into his car's driver seat, he started up his engine and continued to swerve into the driving lane.

Trying to keep a steady wheel but not being able to be fully focused due to his physical state, Mike began to swerve in the road; entering and exiting the opposite driving lane for oncoming traffic. With tired eyes, Mike's vision started to blur and he felt himself drifting off while he was still in town - getting lost due to new streets and road signs; confused as to where his family home was.

Mike was jostled from his current state when blue and red lights entered his vision and the sound of sirens blared into his eardrums. Pulling over as steadily as he could, Mike cursed as he put his car into park and slammed his hands into his steering wheel out of frustration.

With his heart thumping in his chest, he was directed to look to his left at the knocking on his window with a flashlight shining into his car. Mumbling curse words to himself in half-annoyance, half-pain due to the bright light, he rolled his window down and peered at the officer that pulled him over.

Or to be more accurate, the Cheif that pulled him over. None other that Cheif Hopper had pulled him over, and Mike's own shock was mirrored by Hopper.

Clearing his throat, Mike put on his most believable poker face and nodded to the Cheif. *"Why, hello, Hopper. How are you?"* Mike said with the least amount of slurring that he could conjure.

Grunting at his poor excuse for hiding his alcohol-ridden influence, Hopper yanked open Mike's car door and didn't even bother with his Miranda Right's. Shacking Mike into handcuffs, Hopper dragged Mike out of his vehicle and shoved him into his police car with some effort due to his limpness caused by being wasted.

"You know, Wheeler. I wasn't expecting to pull you over tonight. Nor was I expecting you to ever become *this* stupid. Fucking hell, you've really let yourself go. The high school you was smarter than this. Fucking *hell*, you're somehow lighter than you use to be."

Trying to talk was useless since at this point, all Mike could muster was grunts and groans; slowly slipping into a slumber that he couldn't fight off anymore.

this idea came to me today and i decided i mind as well write it. hope you enjoyed this somewhat. review and all of that stuff for an update, if y'all want one.

damn-aesthetic